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# ENVIRONS;

AS THEY APPEAR FROM THE

CUPOLA OF THE STATE HOUSE:

**A POEM.**

*Samuel*  
*Pettie.*

If I one soul improve I have not lived in vain.

*Beattie.*

BOSTON:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES.  
1832.



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## P R E F A C E .

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PERHAPS no part of this happy country is more interesting than Boston and its environs, and at no other single point can they be so advantageously viewed, as from the cupola of the Massachusetts State House.

The intelligent observer there beholds the diversified scenery, and the apparent prosperity and happiness of a dense population, under such circumstances, as could hardly fail of exciting some interest, however transient might be his opportunity of examination, or limited his connexion with the surrounding objects. But should he survey them as the home of himself and family; he would be likely to find his heart swelling with gratitude to heaven, for blessings so bountifully displayed, and with a fervor equally enthusiastic, supplicating for their preservation and continuance.

From such feelings and reflections, the following little poem has emanated. It was written, not so much to instruct or amuse, as to remind those standing in the same relation to objects dear to us all, of



the privileges and blessings we in common enjoy, and of the great importance, of harmoniously continuing those means, which have already produced such wonderful effects.

The author is willing to acknowledge, that at present we have no serious or peculiar cause of alarm. But no amount of prosperity will justify a relaxation of vigilance; the more productive the soil, the more care is necessary, to prevent the ascendancy of those things, which may choke the valuable plant; this will apply equally well to the moral, as to the vegetable world.

What is gained by man, it requires his watchfulness to preserve. That waste which death is continually making, as well of mind as body, must be as constantly repaired, or society will deteriorate. The pen that is laid down for the last time by Scott, or the chisel that falls from the palsied hand of Chantrey, it is in vain for others to think of wielding, with equal honor to themselves, or advantage to their fellow men, without the same probationary discipline, and so rapidly, does one generation crowd another from the active duties of life, that a constant excitement both of body and mind, seem necessary, collectively, to produce a perceptible advancement.

The author believes, that the happiness of all, will be most likely to be preserved or increased, by



regarding as paramount, that well balanced natural relation of the various parts of society to each other, which have produced such unparalleled prosperity. That all invidious distinctions, such as middling interest, mechanics, working-men, old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, when connected with things to which they have no relation, or only a common relation, are calculated to disturb the harmony of society, without any adequate advantages, and finally to injure those so busily engaged, in rearing artificial mounds, to give themselves a temporary but unnatural ascendancy. Society moves onward, when the whole act vigorously, and judiciously, in relation to the whole ; but retrogrades, when part act in relation only to that part. Virtue and vice, intelligence and ignorance, however they may be shaded or intermingled, are all the real bases of character.

The poem is free from personalities. The good of the whole, was the object of its author ; and if it may effect in the humblest manner that object, it will be all he dare hope. For reasons satisfactory to himself, the bantling will be thrown upon the world, without the aid of names ; but it is entrusted to a public that will not cease to be beloved and respected by him, whatever may be the fate of this production.

Boston, March 1, 1832.



## BOSTON, & c .

### A POEM.

'TILL wooed in vain by his enlightened care,  
Of clime, nor soil, will cultured man despair ;  
With spirit he essays, and nought alarms  
'Till useless found, in his industrious arms.  
His powers successful, here their wealth display,  
And wilds that were, rejoice in changed array ;  
Here, earth, no longer veiled in virgin dress,  
Unfolds a matron's stores, to cheer and bless ;  
If fickle skies, alternate freeze and burn,  
Or shores seemed Arts, as well as waves to spurn,  
If loath to meet man's wants, was once the soil,  
They 're all to blessings turned, by mind and toil.  
Tho' fruitful Nature 's decked and crowned with Art,  
Her cumbering mass, here seems the favored part,  
For in new forms, it gives our sense delight,  
Or towers, in monuments of mind and might ;  
The cliff or wild, that still peers unimproved,  
Is now so rare, 'tis sought, and prized, and loved.  
As human bodies wield their strength and skill,

In kind obedience to the guiding will,  
So Nature in her changed and changing mien,  
Bows to her sovereign, Art—but bows as queen,—  
This wide extent to the encircling skies,  
Beneath their blended power rejoicing lies.

Where man's whole nature shines, how light is earth!  
How faint, his dawning rays, that gleam at birth!  
How wide seem these extremes, how short our day!  
How dark and wild the intermediate way!  
With no unerring guide to point his course,  
He still must anxious seek, for wisdom's source,  
Search for the light of truth, and heed each ray,  
Or vainly grovel for the perfect day.  
How blest, who 've had the purest human aid,  
How doubly blest, if they that debt have paid,  
Have led some hearts to founts of moral health,  
Or stored some minds with intellectual wealth,  
Have known those hearts dilate, those minds expand,  
And grateful, own their generous helping hand.

As here now blest with earth's endearing smile,  
Let man, my thoughts excite, my heart beguile,  
His early hours—his youth—his riper age—  
His intellect and heart, my mind engage;  
These scenes of bliss, I would have cheer his soul,  
His real good, each specious good control,

His mind, surrounding minds and hearts expand,  
'Till greater bliss shall gladden every land.

As vain the light and heat, the air or shower,  
If barren wastes alone, may feel their power,  
So vain these pleasing scenes, to give delight  
To souls that grope in intellectual night ;  
The man of woods and wilds, or mind as drear,  
Rude wilds alone, can interest or cheer ;  
'T is Wisdom's voice that hails with joy the Arts,  
Their value known and felt, that wins our hearts,  
Before me spreads a banquet—man the guest,  
But only souls refined, enjoy its zest,  
Who would partake, and healthful vigor feel,  
To mind must bow, to virtue reverent kneel ;  
Who would preserve an undiminished store,  
With heart and soul, to heavenly wisdom soar.

'Till mutual aid succeeds unequal care,  
And blending minds, like rays, increase our share,  
Tho' heaven's pure spark light up each infant mind,  
To fan the embryo fire was man designed ;  
He must the dawning mind to virtue lead,  
Or 'twill in darkness grope, nor know its need ;  
Fostered by him, it soars a swelling flame,  
'Till it rejoins the fount from whence it came,

If he neglect to guide the heaven-bound soul,  
It falls to earth, and seeks a sensual goal.

If guilt and shame found place in Eden's grove,  
Temptations, here, to strife and crime may move ;  
If so, such strife and crime I would restrain,  
And bid the peaceful virtues, social reign.  
If error darken, or if vice enslave,  
Correct, enlighten, disenthral, and save ;  
Or selfish passions hail some coming storm,  
Such selfish passions hush, such zeal reform ;  
Or envy lower, or faction seek control,  
Humble such pride, but elevate the soul ;  
If, even imagination hurtful stray,  
Its erring flight, subject to reason's sway.  
Though broils engross an ever-jarring world,  
And discord's bolts without, seem reekless hurled,  
Domestic groups, I would have deck each hearth,  
With peace and love, intelligence and mirth.  
Thus personal joys, my muse would fain improve,  
Thus social bonds, reduce to ties of love,  
Each mind and heart, from erring dross refine,  
'Till all revere, the Perfect, and Divine.

If heaven designed these varied charms should  
blend,  
The powers of man, appear creation's end ;



To show such powers, the world but seems a stage,  
Dressed by the mental progress, of the age.  
These lands, long wild, now cultured, fruitful, kind,  
Have felt an equal change of arm and mind.  
Powers, how'er improved, where'er displayed,  
On man bestowed, to be by earth obeyed.

But, where the poor, the orphan, sick, insane,  
Asylums shelter, or in love restrain ;  
Where education's halls, thus numerous rise,  
And industry's effects, the world surprise ;  
Where neatness, order, wealth, our joys refine,  
Even charities, in princely splendor shine ;  
From 'midst each ville, a temple swells on high,  
My heart is warned of more than meets the eye.  
And though I thoughtful glance at hill or dale,  
Or joying, view the wide-spread watery vale,  
I feel from all, this cheering truth implied,  
Here man with man, and man with heaven's allied—  
If closer viewed, appears a darker shade,  
Heaven has called, but man has disobeyed.

Tho' human forms, long ranged here wilds for prey,  
Ere beamed this light of intellectual day :  
These lands, long mourned beneath a darkening wild,  
Ere in heaven's rays and heat, this verdure smiled :  
Or arts caressed, their useful powers displayed,

And grateful earth, in varied charms arrayed ;  
Long mourned these waves, ere man a sail unfurled,  
And bade them bear his wealth, from world to world ;  
All now is his ; the soil yields wealth and food,  
While spreading canvass clouds the neighboring flood,  
Water and land their varied products spread,  
Or close embracing, mingled beauties shed.  
Commerce and agriculture, thus entwined,  
For mutual aid, have happily combined,  
Alluring enterprise, to varied spheres,  
While each the other animates and cheers :  
Blest pair ! no rivalry you seem to feel,  
But which may most advance a mutual weal,  
Like roving bees, who take their early tour  
To meet again at evening's distant hour,  
How'er distinct the flowers on which they thrive,  
Returning, cheerful load one common hive.

Mechanic skill, here works her boundless mine,  
Bids wisdom, beauty, strength, their powers combine,  
The towering pile its vigorous purpose rears,  
In lighter forms, its active hand appears ;  
Its helping aid, our numerous wants require,  
Its tempting shades, as oft new wants inspire.  
Move on then happy power, your constant voice  
Makes nature useful, and makes man rejoice ;  
Respect the muses, till they cheerful sung

The lyre you sweetly sound, remained unstrung,  
They strike the note, and regulate the strings,  
Join in their song, but know from whence it springs.  
'Till man is polished, mind's true value known,  
No chisel smooths the rough unwieldy stone,  
To build the savage hut requires no trade,  
To shape the light canoe, man asks no aid ;  
The wild man's wants, are by himself supplied,  
Or if they stray, thro' listlessness denied.  
'T is but when, commerce spreads her numerous sails,  
When agriculture, cheers the hills and vales,  
When mind brings forth its intellectual stores,  
And moral wealth, in rich profusion showers,  
That skill is wanted, or is well repaid,  
'T is not 'till then, man needs the craftsman's aid,  
To ornament, to mould, support, combine,  
May then become, his truly golden mine.

Mutual support society requires,  
A healthful breeze, that fans up all its fires ;  
No hurricane's destructive, wild career.  
No fainting calm, without a breath to cheer,  
Nor partial gales, that moral vigor waste,  
And leave some parts without the needed blast.  
Rich varied blessings are before my eyes,  
Each varied blessing may we duly prize ;  
Here we have nature beautifully arrayed,

Here, art and science, skilfully displayed,  
Here, agriculture smiles with plenty blest,  
And all, by commerce, cheerfully caressed.

Nor, can I yet withdraw from this blest height,  
These scenes of beauty, splendor, and delight ;  
This mental feast, for man luxuriant spread,  
This open book, (but seldom truly read)  
Of varied character, and deep inlaid,  
Requiring intellectual, moral aid,  
A feeling heart, an elevated mind,  
Inspection close, with industry combined,  
Its truths to scan, and well those truths apply,  
And present them clearly to a moral eye.  
For while my sight, this landscape pleased surveys,  
My mind, to things unseen resistless strays,  
Inquires, for what of virtue here remains,  
Or, whether vice so fair a bosom stains ?  
When man is seen, with blessings round him strown,  
Does man such blessings feel, and duly own ?  
The favors here enjoyed, by what means gained ?  
Our future course, to have them still retained ?  
Our varied interests, are they understood,  
And all applied, to yield a mutual good ?  
The love, of God and man, dilate each soul ?  
Or, narrowed views make earth and self their goal ?

Such questions, in reflecting minds will rise,  
Claim intellect and heart as well as eyes ;  
All, that would feel its warmth, must feed the fire,  
Neglected moral flame will soon expire ;  
Each owes his industry in such a cause,  
If too weak to enforce, may aid its laws.  
With humble zeal, I would bestow my mite,  
And with a willing mind, and heart, and sight,  
Reflect attentive, on this varied scene,  
On what it is, and what it may have been :  
And hope or fear, for coming bliss or woe,  
As this from virtue, that from vice may flow.  
Here sympathetic joy may have its fill,  
Here sympathetic grief its dew distil ;  
'Till virtue, cease to animate the soul,  
'Till vice, rolls on, without a hoped control,  
My constant aim shall be, to cheer the good,  
And check the vicious desolating flood ;  
Hail nature's charms, or arts enticing mien,  
But laud them most, when they 're embracing seen,  
And so combine the useful with the good,  
As yields the soul sweet intellectual food,  
Expands its joys, its hopes, its holy fires,  
And heaven-born principle, on earth inspires.

Of all the varied charms that meet my eyes,  
Say what from nature, what from art arise ?



But if from art, our purest comforts spring,  
What quickens art, and plumes her active wing ?  
If art and nature, raise a mutual voice,  
Are they combined, the source of all our joys ?  
Have heart, and mind, and intellectual fire,  
No claims to join with this rejoicing quire ?  
Have those pure lights that constant round us shone,  
No share in work beneath their radiance done ?  
Or we so long enjoyed their quickening rays,  
As to forget their source, amidst their blaze ?  
Or rather, has the aid of all combined,  
The well applied powers, of body and mind,  
Formed a phalanx, whose united force,  
Of all these blessings, was the real source ?  
Let not the sun and shower, in wrath contend  
Which is the plants most necessary friend,  
Lest earth and air set up an equal claim,  
And fire amidst the strife, withdraw her flame ;  
But each, in peace, exert their varied powers,  
Mix light and heat, and earth, with air, and showers.

Is then, each mean of bliss here duly prized,  
Its source, its value, known and realized ?  
We talk of hill and dale, and flowery mead,  
Water and earth, in rich profusion spread,  
Of lands, obedient to the laborer's call  
Of hills, and vales, and streams, I love them all ;



But nature, anxious man should be more blest,  
Mourns till by art she feels herself caressed.  
The soil, that spreads within my present view,  
Less fertile is, than much termed wild and new ;  
The sun, with equal splendor daily shines  
On untilled wastes, that greater wealth combines,  
Where nature's wilds, in more luxuriance glow,  
Than these could boast, three centuries ago.  
But unsubdued by man, their hills, their floods,  
Their beasts, their birds, their fish, or gloomy woods,  
Have little to invite the mind or eye,  
Compared, with scenes that round me spreading lie.  
Though nature's gifts are great as here combined,  
To make them greater gifts, was man designed,  
Before me spreads a rich compounded feast,  
Let us explore the source of what we taste.

How then do scenes, once rudely wild and drear,  
Make man thus happy, and become thus dear ?  
The laborer, bares his rugged arm and cries,  
' This is the source, from whence your joys arise ;  
This sailed the ship, that found these desert shores,  
This cleared the soil that such abundance pours,  
This reared the buildings, that shelter and adorn,  
This strikes the blow, and plenty opes her horn,  
See its full vigor, far and wide displayed,  
In all that moves, in all that's grown or made,

Both savage man, and beast, have felt its power,  
It braved oppression in the trying hour,  
Without its strength, its industry and skill  
Your lands, and floods, would have been desert still.

'The laborer's claims are great, I freely own,  
But every laborer's claim, not fully known,  
Civilization, charms on every side,  
'T was nature rude, 't is now our mutual pride,  
And if industrious man may e'er be proud  
That feeling here, must be by heaven allowed,  
And whether heaven approve or not the flame,  
Mortals, that see and feel will rarely blame.

'T was not the body, but the anxious mind,  
This desert sought, and for this desert pined,  
'Midst scenes so rude, so wild, so truly drear,  
Their mutual strength alone, could save or cheer ;  
Then, charities of heart and soul were prized,  
Their value felt, acknowledged, realized.  
Useful industrious powers we clearly trace,  
Aiding this enterprise in every place,  
And which, like healthful springs, from depths profound,  
Swelled the pure floods we taste with little sound.  
There is a genial heat that warms the earth,  
Ere buds, or flowers, or fruits, can have a birth,

So mind, the noble pioneer of man,  
Buys the body, from the listless clan,  
Calls to its aid, the useful powers of art,  
Then God's own image acts a nobler part,  
Adorns his nature, body, heart, and mind,  
Shines forth himself, redeemed, reformed, refined;  
External objects court this pleasing change,  
Creation, smiling, hails its widest range,  
Heaven approves, invites, impels, commands,  
And savage wilds are changed to fruitful lands.

Here, numerous actors in this glorious war,  
Gave their industrious aid and rolled the car,  
Enlightend the mind, and warmed the heart,  
Whose toil might seem an unproductive part.  
Even humble souls, that silent, useful moved,  
(There wished reward to be by heaven beloved,)  
Assisted greater minds to rear a Fane,  
To heights, that skill and toil could ne'er attain;  
Its long foundations deep and broad they laid,  
And on a rock the central arch was staid,  
It rising, towers to heaven's eternal height,  
And sheds on all a cheering holy light,  
Connecting every heart, and every mind,  
By ties the more beloved, the more they bind.  
And tho' its shadowing power we constant feel,  
And near its altars, often reverent kneel,

Enjoy its animating, cheering light,  
Like the air we breathe, it eludes our sight.  
But shall the feeling heart, th' enlightened mind,  
That its broad base and towering height designed,  
Who spent their anxious days, and sleepless nights,  
Smoothing our path to its celestial heights,  
Shall they our gratitude, now cease to share,  
Because they used no compass, rule or square ?  
No; let us still, before its altars kneel,  
While mind can recollect, or heart can feel,  
Confess the claims of those that reared the pile,  
And look to heaven for its protecting smile.  
If prompters we 've had, grateful own their care,  
Freely divide to them, their well earned share ;  
If authors too have spread the feast of soul,  
If vice and crime, have felt their dread control,  
Give them their due, they wield a healthful power,  
Reward them largely in the settling hour.  
To all the useful, let our bounty flow,  
But whose 's most useful, heaven alone can know,  
Soul acts on body, on the outward world,  
And often powerful acts, with banners furled.

So all is not from body, nor from mind,  
This careful reared, and that enlarged refined,  
Have made a wilderness, its worth disclose,  
'T is their united power, that round me glows.

But labours, men should love and highest prize,  
Seem not the favored objects of the eyes,  
'T is not his work that the foundation lays,  
Men most regard, admire, or warmest praise ;  
(The architect perhaps, may different feel,  
And near the corner stone with reverence kneel,)  
But as things may show bulk or glare, not mind,  
Is admiration raised, and oft confined ;  
The towering summit strikes with bold surprise,  
On what it stands, attracts nor mind nor eyes,  
While mental labors and still more obscure,  
May move some spring that makes the whole secure.

So if we pass to man, and take the child,  
The form may please, but still the mind be wild,  
Yet all will own, that intellect and heart  
Must to this gem, its sterling worth impart,  
Its fires are useful, if their rage we bound,  
Better unblown, than spread destruction round.

Among this numerous, active, busy crowd,  
Who claims our praise, and has that claim allowed,  
'T is who has most of wisdom, goodness, power,  
And sheds them round like heaven's much needed  
                  shower,  
Reviving, cheering, animating, all,  
Such is the man on whom our praise should fall,



Wisdom alone, without benevolent power,  
Is like the sun that warms nor soil, nor shower,  
Goodness alone, tho' sincere, pious, chaste,  
Like Eve we see, and are forbid to taste;  
Power unrestrained, a mad volcano burns,  
Or Earth's most valued scenes to deserts turns;  
Wisdom and goodness, may be so confined,  
As to conceal the generous heart and sterling mind;  
Wisdom and power, where the heart is dead,  
Are like those heavens that no moisture shed;  
If power and goodness, have not wisdom's light,  
They oft must err, they have perpetual night,  
In man, on earth, in heaven, their mingled rays,  
Delight the mind, and heart, and win our praise.  
These powers to cultivate, correct, extend,  
Is heaven's pleasure, man's appointed end,  
He, soul and body, is the corner stone,  
Of all I see, except what God has done ;  
But neither soul nor body moves the whole,  
All things demand and court their joint control,  
The harmonious display of both requires,  
With all their energy, and all their fires.  
Reason should sit as judge, with guardian care  
Distributing to each their proper share,  
Not only of the labor, but reward,  
To all their claims, an equitable lord.



Where then begin, to rear the perfect man,  
Or, if not perfect, perfect as we can?  
Must we descend ? no, our best powers must rise;  
Prepare expanding hearts, and open eyes.  
Behold that mother, with her infant child,  
She 's now, from every foreign care beguiled;  
He feasts his body, but she feasts her soul,  
Parental joys so pure, let none control,  
'T is the blest foretaste of her future care,  
Sweet babe, no blessing can with that compare;  
Those arms may raise you to heavenly light,  
Or leave you (Heaven forbid) in moral night.  
'T is from maternal love and care we draw  
The first developements of our nature's law,  
Attentions there, we helplessly receive,  
From which in coming life, we smile or grieve.  
But when the father joins, the group 's complete,  
'T is then the centre, where affections meet;  
And tho' much care, with holy zeal they give,  
Think not for child alone, 't is now they live,  
It is not so, their thoughts extend around,  
To man and duty they feel doubly bound;  
As added fuel cheers a mouldering fire,  
Such cares increased, new energies inspire,  
If dear, the burthens we're required to move,  
Then our powers we concentrate and improve.

To rear the body—regulate the mind,  
Vigor produce in this,—see that refined,  
Enlarged, corrected, and usefully to move,  
Is the joint care of connubial love.  
How much these scenes, to cares like these may owe,  
What heart can feel? what mind can fully know?  
The ripened fruit we see, and joyful taste,  
Blessed be those, that kept the flowers from blast.  
And if protecting power, in silence moved,  
Shall it be less revered, or less beloved?  
For if the anxious mind, and feeling heart,  
That might this light, and heat, and worth, impart,  
Left no imposing monument for sight,  
Where darkness was, they raised a cheering light;  
Where vice and folly might have reared their throne,  
The humble grateful heart, informed is known.

Let none observe, ‘such toils had selfish views,  
From them perhaps, some full reward accrues;  
The public good, was not the moving cause,  
You, then obeyed your own and nature’s laws.’  
If this were true, their claim is no less just,  
When man his duty does, he should be blest.  
Who constant moves the hand, but hopes for gain?  
Reward he wants, tho’ he health and bliss obtain;  
To health, to bliss, reward, you must add praise,  
If skill and toil a speechless temple raise.

To this let none object, assume it true  
Where heaven approves, the praise of man is due.  
With equal zeal, reward the heart and mind,  
But most, if they appear to act combined;  
No claim is made, except where virtue leads,  
When mind or heart moves right, reward its deeds.  
On earth, in heaven, man must united own,  
Virtue has claims, when virtue's claims are known;  
Of heaven's blessing, even here we are sure,  
Tho' darkened minds, may think this boon obscure;  
Yet conscious rectitude illumines the cloud,  
Tho' deep may seem its gloom, or dark its shroud;  
Columbus, 'spite of man and cruel chains,  
Feels holy joy, amidst his dying pains;  
And Cranmer's soul, outshines the blazing pile,  
Despises death, and seems at flames to smile;  
What priest or don, that round those martyrs stood,  
Had joys so pure as moved their dying blood?  
If God thus bless, shall man to bless deny,  
Or check just claims, by some exclusive cry,  
Or crave the whole, because he struck the blow,  
That made the loudest noise, or largest show !  
No; while we sit beneath a wide spread vine,  
Enjoy its fruits, and quaff the sparkling wine,  
Let each receive his share, let envy cease,  
Let mind, and heart, and hand partake in peace.

Tho' parent breath should fan each holy fire,  
And thirst of moral wealth with zeal inspire,  
If heaven deny the child that sacred care,  
It still oft feels, and breathes a moral air,  
From other hearts and minds, they seize the flame,  
Even before, they speak or heed its name.  
Virtue displayed, tho' in an infant's view,  
Has an enchanting mien, a winning hue,  
The tear of joy that dims its sparkling eye,  
When kindness cheers, or needed help draws nigh,  
Shows a pure flame that rightly fanned may rise,  
To bless the earth, or to illume the skies.

Tho' often checked, or cheered, by things unknown,  
Or varied allurements near it thrown;  
Virtue is natural to the human breast  
And oft expands the most, when lightest pressed.  
Sure, as o'ercharged clouds emit their fire,  
Virtue and vice, will kindred deeds inspire;  
And like those flowers, that ere they meet our view,  
Give sense delight, without the aid of hue;  
So many souls retired, and seldom seen,  
Make felt their rays, like clouded heavenly beam;  
Their thoughts, thro' books enlighten, far and wide,  
We see the distant ray, and hail the guide.  
Even imagination, gives healthful aid,  
When it would lead to good, by good displayed;

If fiction's heroes, folly's path assume,  
To shade some glowing vice, in deeper gloom,  
Eager, we shun each vile alluring fraud,  
While virtue's phases, win the loud applaud.

Virtue's a plant, the seed by heaven is sown,  
By heaven, by earth, by man, this plant is grown;  
Whate'er the soil, it needs our culturing aid,  
And Heaven's parental laws must be obeyed.  
All education, tho' of varied name,  
Is outward power, that fans an inward flame;  
The mind and body, call alike for food,  
But neither craves at first, but what is good;  
Man, ignorant of nature's real voice,  
Oft feeds with bad, 'till it becomes the choice.  
Blessed be God, this wide-extended ill,  
Seems oft defeated, against human will;  
The moral air, to an equilibrium tends,  
Will constant mix, the pure, with what offends;  
The child, 'midst darkness born, will often stray  
From vice at home, to virtue's purer ray;  
Who does not mourn, when the reverse appears,  
To see the feeble power, of parental tears?  
Heaven tho' severe, thus warms and bids us strive  
To clear the atmosphere in which we live.  
'Tis vain, for man, to cleanse his hearths or halls,  
If vice contiguous, keep unhealthy stalls,



Nor is he safe, till every mind's improved,  
Pure moral air, by all secured and loved;  
To nurse its flame, expand its light and heat,  
Should every interest centre, every feeling meet,  
For as its power is felt, our prospects rise,  
Or all that makes our bliss, declines and dies.  
Envy of goodness, greatness, ever cease—  
Virtue for virtue's sake—expand—increase.  
Dread not the moral sun's meridian blaze,  
But do those deeds, that court its purest rays.  
As well, might Nile's parched meads, regret the  
showers,  
That heaven on Ethiopia's desert pours,  
The seamen quench the lamp, that gilds the shore,  
'Midst darkened skies, the compass heed no more,  
As man neglect, that intellectual light,  
That saves the human soul, from moral night.

But well conducted Schools, here meet my eyes,  
And seem to say, 'in us your safety lies;  
Here moral power, and mental light, combine,  
To warm the heart, the mind and soul refine,  
Assiduous care, a faithful cheering zeal,  
We here receive, respond, and constant feel;  
Give us your aid, extend to us your care,  
And all you wish, you soon may truly share.'  
Blest institutions! channels of light divine,



Fountains of rays, that constant round us shine;  
May each aiding lamp, in strict attendance glow,  
'Till all your value feel, your value know.  
Happy instructors, 't is your powerful voice  
Calls up a good, in which we all rejoice;  
'T is on your faithful care, we much depend,  
The age to save and bless, the age to mend.  
An animated blaze of moral flame,  
Of you we ask, of you we anxious claim;  
Cloud not the mind with overwhelming fears,  
I love those heavens in which no useless cloud appears,  
If the storm must lower, deal a mental blow,  
'T is mind or heart have erred, this mind should know,  
A father's place you hold, but feel his care,  
And all a father's joys, you then may share.

The sacred Nine, attract my wandering eyes,  
To where their numerous temples clustering rise,  
Their notes have hushed the seeming listening air,  
To understand the song shall be my care.  
They sing of days, when nature's gloomy wild,  
Spread its dark shade, around their lonely child,  
When savage yells, or war-whoop's awful sound,  
Echoed the gale, from woodland depths around,  
Disturbed the cradled infant's sleeping hours,  
Or checked its childhood song, beneath their bowers.

How discipline endured 'mid scenes thus drear,  
Gave health, and zeal, and thrift, and banished fear;  
Produced a manly vigor, and at length,  
Moral excellence, intellectual strength.

Thus soft they sung, but now they raise their voice,\*  
In anthems loud, and songs of nobler choice;  
I wish that pure and soul enlivening tone,  
Was heard from east to west, through every zone;  
On every ear, might fall those strains divine,  
And every heart, in solemn concert join;  
The sacred sound, might wastes of vice improve,  
Induce the selfish heart, to feel and love;  
Repentance's sigh, to heave each guilty breast,  
And all its darkling passions, hush to rest;  
Its power might soothe each pain, each anxious sigh,  
Teach all to useful live,—in hope to die.  
But if with wishes vain my bosom burn,  
Reluctant from the pleasing theme I turn  
To where, accustomed to their healthful power,  
We careless sit, beneath their sheltering bower;  
And as the noble born, with pride elate,  
Think not of laws, but of themselves they're great,  
As constant light, we seldom duly prize,  
Or note, but in ourselves its focus lies,

\* Divinity School.

Thus Harvard School, spreads mental wealth around,  
Gives moral health, but with so little sound,  
Tho' it enlarge our intellectual sphere,  
Expand our joys, or make them doubly dear,  
So constant, are these blessings felt and known,  
We seldom note the hand from which they 're strown.  
And though this school may flourish or may wane,  
We think our mountain strong, will still remain;  
Expel vain hope, expand this moral spring,  
If it overflow, like Nile 't will blessings bring.

What mean those spires ? they point an upward  
course,

And seem directing man, to virtue's source,  
To say, ' 't is here, souls leave their earthly clod,  
And buoyant rise, to a paternal God ;'  
If so, an happy emblem (well devised)  
Of what, when rightly felt, is highly prized.  
If numerous fanes, imply a prudent zeal,  
Here minds have learned to think, and hearts to feel,  
If some neglect, contempt, or rudely scorn,  
Some, hail with joy, the sabbath peaceful morn.  
By cares oppressed, the toiling soul must mourn,  
If this reviving day did not return,  
When the surrounding calm invites to rest,  
And mind and heart enjoy their stated feast.  
No enervating, dull uncheered repose,

Tho' waves subside, the water purer flows,  
And as calm floods reflect the heavens more bright,  
Faith clearer views, her pure celestial height.  
'T is then, these holy fanes they eager tread,  
And all in peace, enjoy a living bread;  
The soul, unchecked by superstition's chain,  
Expanding, breathes a purer, lovelier strain;  
Loud hymns of praise resound, and humble prayer,  
Invokes a father's smile, a father's care;  
The heart dilates, it feels the breath of heaven,  
Repentance sighs, it whispers sins forgiven.

The glowing breast, with zealous fervor burns,  
Mind, to instruction's voice, attentive turns;  
Hears of that God of love, of wisdom, power,  
Who draws, who guides, protects, in every hour;  
To every soul, an inspiration's given,  
As guiding light, to earthly bliss and heaven,  
A flame, that virtue brightens, vice destroys,  
But well improved, the guide to endless joys.  
Hears love of God and man, enforced, explained,  
How passions, rude or vile, may be restrained,  
The heart expanded, and the mind enlarged,  
Duties how known, and rightly known, discharged.  
That God allures to good, by good displayed,  
Conscience must be informed, and then obeyed;  
That pains from sin, whilst here were sure to rise,

Without repentance, pains beyond the skies.  
An active mind and body, God required,  
Blessings to be enjoyed, must be desired,  
By reasonable minds, with duties done,  
And unexpected, by the slothful son.  
If troubles rise, or disappointments lower,  
God still was just, 't was still parental power,  
Tho' dark might be the deep impending cloud,  
Still, all was right beyond its gloomy shroud;  
That sympathetic tears should often flow,  
And grateful hearts and souls, as often glow;  
Charities' flame, must every bosom warm,  
With mutual good, and peace, our deeds conform,  
Domestic care, give joy to earth and heaven,  
Forgiveness flow, from all who 'd be forgiven.

How oft I've heard, with a responding heart,  
Enlightened minds, such cheering truths impart;  
And with that zealous, animating power,  
That made more dear, the consecrated hour.  
Well pleased, retired from an intellectual feast,  
My mind enlarged, my hopes and joys increased;  
Thanked Heaven, that gave to all this useful day,  
And felt in coming life, its healthful sway.  
Blest region ! Moral lights here constant shine,  
The sacred altar, and the school combine



To lead the soul, thro' earthly bliss, to heaven,  
Remember much 's required, where much is given.

•

Those thrilling bursts of joy, that near me rise,\*  
Float on the breeze, and cheer the vaulted skies,  
Ascend, from where, with emerald, lovely smile,  
Our pleasure grounds, rejoicing hearts beguile.  
'T is that enraptured glee, of glowing souls,  
That, holiday emotion felt, controls,  
Restrain it not—it is the patriot's mirth,  
'T is freedom's sons, rejoicing for its birth.  
They sport on grounds, to which their sires oft hied,  
When toil was done, or for mirth laid aside,  
'T was there they met, and socially regaled,  
Or heaven's pure air, delightfully inhaled.  
If rude its border, or rude then its mien,  
'T was all they wished for, 't was all they had seen;  
Embellishments, that now in beauty array,  
Or nature's rudeness, tastefully display,  
Give little joy, to listless aching hearts,  
And health waits not for joy, that scene imparts;  
Tho' chastened mirth should be revered and felt,  
Whate'er the scenes, the glowing soul will melt.  
The shivering child, that feels the winter's air,  
To gain a warmth, is then his leading care;

\* This paragraph was written July 4th, 1831.



From whence proceeds the flame, that gives relief,  
His eye at first is blind, his ear is deaf,  
But when the feeling sense, no longer mourns,  
His eye has claims, his ear attentive turns;  
Joys fleeting by, he eagerly pursues,  
Nor those familiar, longer joying views;  
But should he fail, to find the novels glare,  
Accustomed scenes, the same warm heart will share.  
Beauties expand, but not create our joy,  
'Tis nature's flame, and needs no outward buoy.  
When, from a neighboring height,\* alas no more,  
Our independence's chart was first read o'er,  
Each bosom felt, a glowing, holy fire,  
It now illumines the son, 't was then the sire.

Near stands the Muses' chaste enticing pile,  
Where Thespis bids us weep,—or Comus smile;  
There, thrilling truths, by bards immortal sung,  
Should sweetly flow, as from an angel's tongue,  
Virtue assume, her pure, enticing power,  
Vice be so shown, that vice itself should lower;  
The erring passions, should corrected flow,  
And their chaste stream, with winning beauty glow.  
Then tears might flow for joy, or flow for grief,

\* Beacon Hill ; the Author has understood the Declaration of Independence was read there, previous to being printed in this town.

In feeling hearts, they seek the same relief;  
Their sacred channel, tho' alternate used,  
Is common right, that never seems abused.  
If mirth allure the swelling pearly tear,  
Then grief retires with her companion fear;  
When grief pours forth, her showers for others woe,  
Joy then withdraws, that it may brighter glow.  
I love such joy, I love its sparkling glow,  
I love to melt in tears for others woe.  
When Haller mourns in soul her righteous doom,  
What heart but dearer feels, the ties of home?  
Who sees, her vice destroy the peace of four,  
That does not every vice, in tears deplore?  
When Hamlet shows the power of filial love,  
Who that beholds, but feelingly approves?  
Deeply he mourns a mother's guilt and shame,  
What mother hears, for worlds would be the same?  
When Richard, Macbeth, or Iago dies,  
'T is not their deaths, produce those joyous cries;  
'T is virtue's triumph, that they thus proclaim,  
The spark was fanned, till it burst forth in flame.  
Lear's injured child, seems virtue's very soul,  
What youth that sees, but feels its blest control?  
Julia's, Ophelia's, Desdemonia's fate,  
Othello, Douglas, Cato, good or great,  
Show crimes, and virtues, pure, and dark designs,  
Vice hated cowers, virtue suffering shines.

But oft I hear, from those both wise and kind,  
'It seems to me, your feast is unrefined,  
I envy not my friends so rude a joy,  
Either the Fane correct, or else destroy;  
Before its altars I have seldom knelt,  
The joy and grief, you praise, I've never felt;  
But long believed that bad, not good, was taught,  
Each breath that left the stage, with vice was fraught.'  
Fear not my friends, suspect not others joy,  
If vice exist, correct ; not good destroy;  
The same pure, useful, animating fire,  
Which you so often feel, and much admire,  
There blazes, in the healthful heart and mind,  
Equally pure, elevated, refined ;  
Harvest the wheat, that gives us wholesome food,  
Burn but the tares, that cumbering round it stood.

I turn to Charlestown's consecrated hills,  
To where the patriot's eye so often fills;  
'Tis now with grief, 't is now with holy joy,  
As recollections chill, or prospects buoy.  
The present scene the soul invites and cheers,  
Man, nature crowns, with all that life endears;  
But memory, though it much of bliss may bring,  
Of present woes, is oft the latent spring,  
Spreading o'er scenes, that promise every joy,  
Its by-gone, gloomy shades of rude alloy,

And whilst we roam 'midst nature's loveliest flowers,  
Whispers 'serpents once coiled beneath these bowers.'

So lovely village, your green rising ground,  
Echoed the canon's roar, the trumpet's sound,  
Felt man with man, in wild, and dread array,  
The warrior's hostile tread; the battle's fray,  
Drank the pure blood, of patriots, recent slain,  
As if elated with the murderous stain,  
Swells its proud bosom, to each revolving sun,  
In seeming joy, for what that day was done.

Vain height ! amidst this glow of ill-placed joy,  
Does no rude tear, thy swelling cheek annoy?  
Or, have the burning town,—the dying groan,—  
The orphan's bitter cry,—the widow's moan,—  
New-England's valued sons,—untimely slain,—  
And wide-spread evils, a disheartening train;  
No power to reach thy unrelenting heart ?  
Or, is it steeled to every moving dart ?  
Or do I hear you say? ' withdraw your fears,  
These objects had, and well deserved my tears;  
But when, the harvest far and wide I view,  
That from these bloody seeds luxuriant grew,  
All 's so merged in the wide extended good,  
My sorrowing tears become a joyous flood.'

Who Sympathy, lights up thy purest flame?  
What grief presents, the most enticing claim?  
(The wide extended map of human woe,  
What eye can trace? what mind can fully know?)  
Some say, the orphan sheds this conquering tear,  
Some, widows lonely prayers are still more dear;  
The slave, beneath his bonds, desiring sighs,  
Innocence, persecuted, trembling cries;  
Disease, beyond our aid, presents its claims,  
Vice, that through ignorance, endures its chains,  
Poverty and want, uncharged with moral wrong,  
The broken heart, that sings its lonely song,  
All these, before your altar, rightly kneel,  
Your aid invoke, your aid they constant feel;  
But yonder villa, must proud man remind,  
Of as severe an evil, as afflicts his kind.  
Its site adorns, a healthful rising ground,  
Where nature spreads, unusual charms around,  
Beauties without, have claims on heart and sight,  
Charities within, the feeling soul delight.

But pensioners of that beloved retreat!  
You have desires, that no abode can meet;  
There is a gloom pervades your lonely halls,  
That for commiseration loudly calls;  
But with you, all that man can do—is done,  
The rest remains with Heaven,—with God alone.



Of, I have seen your tears and wild distress,  
Now, at this distance, on my mind they press :  
There, is the vacant intellectual throne,  
There, souls unrul'd in mental chaos roam,  
Bodies are held, but the distracted mind,  
No chains of ours, can for a moment bind.  
This power, once loosed beyond its own control,  
It flies from east to west, from pole to pole,  
Creates new joys, or drowns with tears, some scene,  
From which, no skill can the affections wean.

Different woes they mourn—Grief burst this heart;  
Disease, in that, bowed down the mental part;  
Here Joy, kindles a wild and sparkling flame,  
But there, from wayward Vice, distraction came;  
Here Love, that power that warms both earth and  
                  heaven,  
Like a volcano bursts, to madness driven;  
There, this pure flame was by a villain blown,  
He saw the blaze, and knew the deed his own,  
The temple fell, within his careless view,  
Again the serpent coiled, to strike anew !  
One rude and loud, his varied wrongs proclaims,  
Another, softly, silent, whispers pains;—  
If near an orchestra, where all 's in tune,  
We hear sweet sounds, expelling every gloom,



Then, some rude power should deal a wanton blow,  
Spoiling some string of each, from which sounds flow,  
'T is thus our bliss, in this wild scene 's annoyed,  
Each mind in part, shines bright, in part 's destroyed.

From woes I turn, to joys and hopes of love,  
To those that in new bonds of friendship move.  
And first, where sterling worth can modest shine,  
Tho' wreaths of Hymen's web, themselves entwine,  
A few chose friends, when evening spread around,  
There, saw a pair, in solemn wedlock bound;  
The scene was joyous, though unthinking mirth,  
Blazed not in flashes, round the blissful hearth;  
A deeper thrill, their expanding bosoms felt,  
They hailed each other, and then to heaven they  
knelt;

Besought that bliss, that peace, and mutual love,  
That wedded life, should sweeten and improve.  
The rolling tear,—the sparkling, moistened eye,—  
The silent, anxious look—the smothered sigh,—  
Were not from grief, but grateful, feeling hearts,  
A temperate joy, that thoughtfulness imparts.  
The favored pair, then rose, embraced the chain,  
Not with distrust, or fear of distant pain;  
They wished the day, with joy they hailed the hour,  
They felt its worth, and dreaded not its power :  
Oft they had met, much care in prospect knew,

To each others arms, they rather walked, than flew.  
'T was solemn rites that then engrossed each soul,  
Though deep they felt, they wished their blest control;  
Man oft mistakes, in what such hearts may move,  
Nice are the shades of joy,—of grief,—of love.

Their parents graced the scene, and strived to cheer,  
Called up their mirth, allayed their seeming fear;  
Talked of their own long-tried, connubial joys,  
Of what expands our bliss, and what destroys;  
Pronounced 'those truly blest, whose joys were one,  
Where mutual love through all their actions run,  
Those, that when objects dear, forsake or die,  
Could still on heaven, and on themselves rely;  
That home, should be the bower of love and peace,  
The path to heavenly bliss, when life should cease.'  
'T was thus they cheered, and thus beguiled of care,  
Each soul relieved, assumed its wonted air,  
And healthful mirth, appeared on every brow,  
On those that heard, and those that made the vow.

In yonder home of mutual love and peace,  
Passing events, connubial joys increase,  
Tho' hope and fear have swayed the anxious breast,  
Hope brighter glows, and fear is hushed to rest;  
An infant form, has left kind nature's care,  
Parental love and guiding skill to share.

The mother pressed the babe, and grateful smiled,  
Then breathed to heaven, 'preserve and bless my  
child;'

The father feels his hopes, his joys increase,  
His anxious bosom, hushed in grateful peace;  
Then to the mother turns, and cheering smiles,  
And from her pains and fears, her heart beguiles.

Blest parents ! you deserve the sacred charge,  
Its body shield, its mind and soul enlarge,  
Its embryo virtues, nourish and protect,  
And nature's laws, religiously respect.  
Rear it for earth,—for heaven,—for social love,—  
Happiness here, and purer joys above.  
Tho' death destroy, or vice your charge profane,  
Think not, my friends, your toil will then seem vain,  
To cares, devoted to so pure a trust,  
Heaven, conscience, nature, will be always just;  
For days, or hours, of duty faithful done,  
Who'er deserves reward, reward has known,  
Self-approbation, heaven's eternal love,  
Will then, your constant consolation prove.  
But should neglect precede some tempting snare,  
Or vice ensue, from loose parental care,  
If nature's voice, still speaks within your breast,  
In vain your mind may hope for future rest.

But present prospects may be swept away,  
That child remain your only earthly stay;  
That little hand, may gain a strength and power,  
To feed, or shield you in an adverse hour;  
Those ears, may listen to your tale of woe,  
At your distress, those eyes, in tears o'erflow,  
When the cold-hearted world, from pride pass by,  
Shun your abode, indifferent to your sigh.  
Your sick and dying bed, that child may tend,  
And serious, silent weep, when life shall end;  
Then careful spread the green turf o'er your breast,  
Anxious to meet you in eternal rest.  
Blest family, and long may you rejoice,  
You have obeyed both heaven, and nature's voice.

On each revolving day, within my view,  
Events occur, to which a note is due.  
And tho' that useful spark, that fanned to flame,  
Prepares our food, and warms our shivering frame,  
Was so restrained, as not in dreadful sway,  
To sweep our wealth, our hopes, or lives away;  
And tho' the storm, the flood, the tide, the wind,  
In their still march, have left no wreck behind,  
Nor violence, with rude and threatening power,  
Disturbed the slumbers of the midnight hour.  
Yet joys as pure as earth can give to man,  
Or wild as e'er disgraced a savage clan,

Sweet sympathetic grief that shower divine,  
Imagined woe, that would in bliss repine;  
Virtue, celestial, chaste, enticing, mild,  
Vice, erring, boisterous, fell, degrading, wild,  
Have had their sacred fanes, or wretched haunts,  
Where goodness kneels, or crime its requiem chants.

The listless body, and unschooled mind,  
Have here, on downy beds, at fate repined;  
While there, on humbler couch when toil was done,  
Lay sweet reposing, labors cheerful son;  
Here secret prayer, from sinless heart arose,  
But there, the bold blasphemer stalking goes.  
Here, Temperance dwells with health, and thrift, and  
peace,  
There, wild Debauch has caused such joys to cease;  
Domestic Care, here its embryo heaven forms,  
There discord breeds her blackening, chilling storms;  
While here, the child is trained for earth and heaven,  
'T is there, to vice and crime, by parents given.

See Kindness wipe away the springing tear,  
Comfort the sick, the heart afflicted cheer,  
For live long nights, watch o'er the bed of pain,  
Or strive the erring soul, from vice to gain;  
Look up the various springs of human woe,  
Or try to dry the source from whence they flow;



Into the infant mind, rich treasures pour,  
And bid deluded spirits, heavenward soar.  
The orphan feels these cares with grateful mind,  
The widow shares, and thanks her God resigned.  
Hundreds of souls each day, such feasts prepare,  
Hundreds of souls each day, such banquets share,  
And who's most blest, I leave to feeling hearts,  
They that receive, or he that thus imparts.

But if Benevolence, is thus constant known,  
The seeds of vice are no less constant strown,  
And daily spring to life, expand and grow,  
The blight of joy, the fruitful source of woe.  
One prolific fiend, with her numerous train,  
Covers this scene, with wounded, dying, slain;  
Oft turns the mind, as pure as heaven e'er gave,  
To vice, to crime, to an untimely grave.  
The genius bright, the youth that promised fair,  
His country's hope, of friends the anxious care,  
Are lured around that treacherous, poisoned spring,  
Whose floods are deadly, as the serpent's sting.  
There an inclined plane, they incautious tread,  
Descending easy, a return they dread,  
When first alarmed, the passions beg delay,  
They doubt, till habit gains despotic sway.  
They feel its bond,—the serpent twisting folds,  
Then trembling, strive to flay,—it stronger holds,



They look around for help,—but all are fled,  
Then sink forlorn,—the shroud is o'er them spread !  
A friend there weeps,—not at the passing bier,  
For disappointed hopes,—he drops that tear !

My day has fled, the half-orbed setting sun,  
Bids me withdraw, while much remains unsung ;—  
But if I've well improved each passing hour,  
In gathering sweets, from this wide spreading flower,  
Liberal indeed, shall be my coming feast,  
And all my friends solicited to taste ;  
But if I've failed, I have not lost my day,  
The splendid view, will well the toil repay !















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